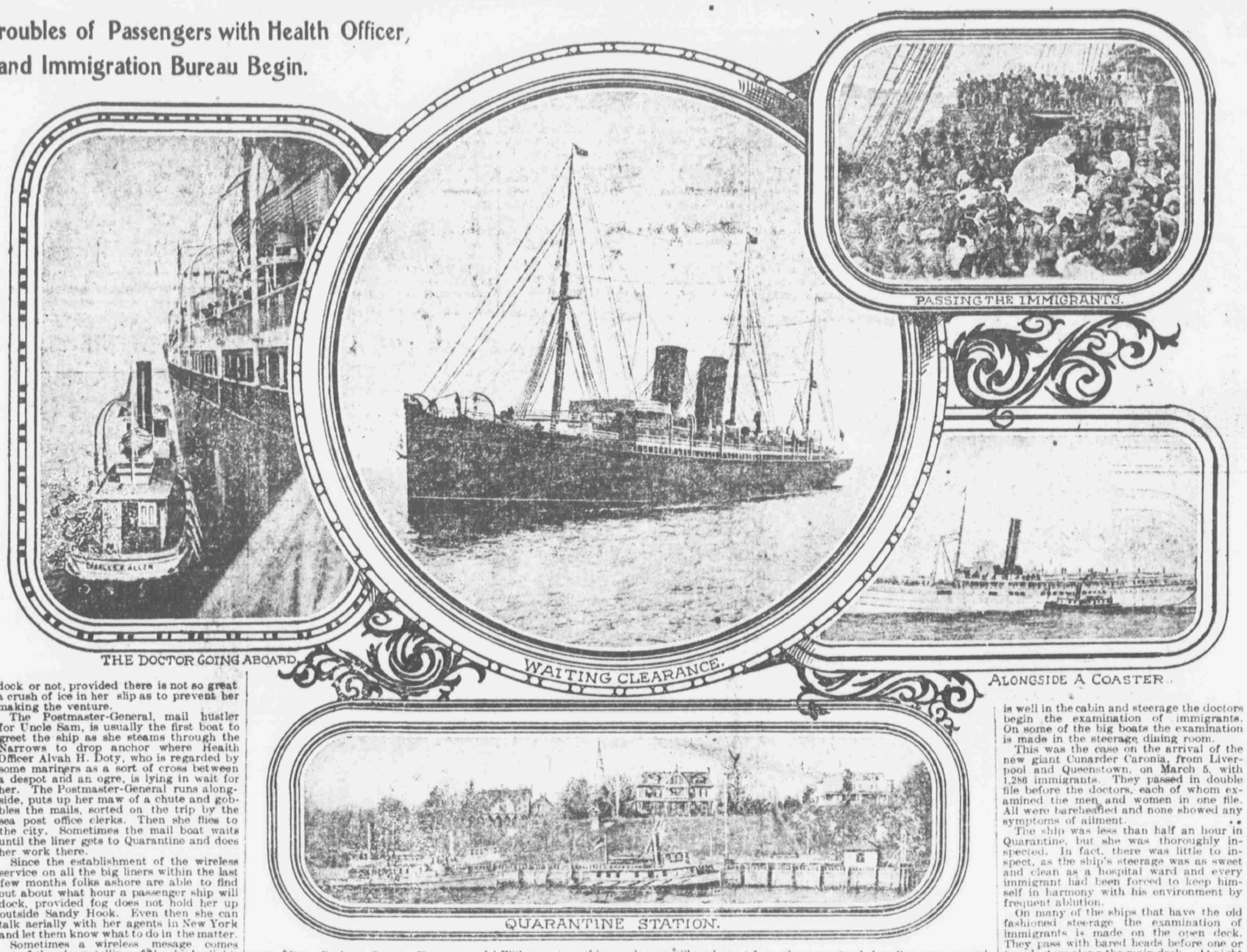
WHEN A BIG TRANSATLANTIC LINER GETS INTO PORT

Then at Quarantine the Troubles of Passengers with Health Officer, Custom House and Immigration Bureau Begin.



THE DOCTOR GOING ABOARD. PASSING THE IMMIGRANTS. WAITING CLEARANCE. ALONGSIDE A COASTER. QUARANTINE STATION.

The troubles, usually light, of the voyager who has finished a swift and pleasant trip over unruffled seas in a modern marine hotel begin when he reaches Quarantine and do not end until the customs inspectors chalk his baggage at the liner's pier and restore him to his interrupted freedom.

Quarantine—that is, the land part of the station—is as picturesque and healthful a spot as may be found on Staten Island. It is not uninviting even in winter, and in the summer is an ideal place to loaf and dine.

Less than an eighth of a mile from the little pier at the base of the hill are the anchorage grounds of the big and little ships from all the great ports of the world. There every vessel, steam and sail, must stop by the rigorous law of the Empire State and permit herself and her passengers, if she has any, to be examined for possible infection.

In the period between May 1 and Nov. 1 ships from domestic ports south of Cape Henlopen are subject to inspection; in the period between Nov. 1 and May 1 they are permitted to pass Quarantine and proceed to dock. All craft from foreign ports must submit to examination at all seasons.

The rules are most rigorously enforced against great ships that bring the persecuted, the adventuresome and the home-seeking throngs from the peasantry, and occasionally from the slums of Europe. Frequently the persecuted are also the great unwashed, and therefore are considered more likely than the others to spread, if not to catch, communicable disease. Ships that bring this class are generally held in Quarantine longer than those that do not.

But the unwashed do not stay dirty long after they get aboard a new leviathan, with steerage quarters more comfortable and neater than some of the second cabin accommodations of a decade ago. Every mother's son of the mob unfamiliar with water externally applied is scrubbed, massaged and sandpapered into an appearance almost juvenile.

He looks as if he had been just made in Germany, and is ready for an overlooking at Quarantine even with a microscope. The steamship companies cannot afford to have their human cargo rejected, as it costs much to take deported immigrants back to their far away homes, so they are made fit for publication.

Cabin passengers, although subject to inspection by the Health Officer, are usually let alone. In case of an outbreak of cholera aboard ship, even though it be in the steerage, the inspection and detention rule is enforced and the cabin suffers. That is why the cabin passenger is interested in the health of the steerage.

A few cases of smallpox may mean the holding of the ship overnight if she happens to get into Quarantine late in the afternoon. The patients must be transferred to Kingston avenue hospital, in Brooklyn; those exposed to the contagion in the compartment in which the disease was discovered must be taken to Hoffman Island for observation and all the steerage folks who have not been vaccinated must submit to the virus. A smallpox case aboard a ship that gets in early in the afternoon usually causes a detention of a few hours and a thorough and unpleasant fumigation 'tween decks.

The stewards begin hauling from staterooms whatever baggage the passengers will not need again before landing when the liner is within sight of Sandy Hook. It is always known by her commander whether she will dock or not, provided there is not so great a crush of ice in her slip as to prevent her making the venture.

The Postmaster-General, mail hustler for Uncle Sam, is usually the first boat to greet the ship as she steams through the Narrows to drop anchor where Health Officer Alvah H. Doty, who is regarded by some mariners as a sort of cross between a despot and an ogre, is lying in wait for her. The Postmaster-General runs alongside, puts up her maw of a chute and gobbles the mails, sorted on the trip by the sea post office clerks. Then she flies to the city. Sometimes the mail boat waits until the liner gets to Quarantine and does her work there.

Since the establishment of the wireless service on all the big liners within the last few months folks ashore are able to find out about what hour a passenger ship will dock, provided fog does not hold her up outside Sandy Hook. Even then she can talk aerially with her agents in New York and let them know what to do in the matter.

Sometimes a wireless message comes out of the gloom telling of the ship's plight, and the line is able to send home the waiting throng on the pier that had heard, when the ship passed Nantucket and before she ran into the fog, that she was coming up to her dock.

Three tuglike craft, all propellers, and none fit to risk a trip outside the Narrows in a gale, are alway waiting at Quarantine for the liner that docks on the day of her arrival here. One is the Charles F. Allen, the Health Officer's boat; another is the revenue cutter containing the deputy collectors who take the declarations of cabin passengers, and the other is the cutter Chamberlain, having aboard the Ellis Island immigration boarding officers and a surgeon of the United States Revenue Marine Hospital Service. There are four Marine Hospital surgeons on duty at this port; Drs. Parker, Sweet, Tappan and Sprague, and one is put aboard every liner that comes from a foreign place.

The Health Officer's boat has precedence in boarding. His power is as arbitrary as the Czar's used to be. He may even shoo off the customs men. But he doesn't when they happen to come alongside simultaneously and, by hailing, he finds that there is no sickness aboard. If there should be sickness of a suspicious nature he announces it and asks the revenue cutter force to wait a bit until he investigates.

Sometimes the mail boat, the cutter and the Health Officer's boat are all alongside the ship at once. Then the passengers get interested, and occasionally alarmed.

Necks are stretched from portholes and faces peer over rails. What are all these piratical looking craft going to do? Will we get up this evening or will we have to spend the night down the bay?

Up go the ladders from the little boats bobbing below. Steady there! Men at the rail hold the top of the first ladder from the doctor's boat.

Maybe Dr. Doty himself boards, with both his assistants, Dr. John B. L'Hommedieu and Dr. Eugene B. Sanborn. Following them up the ladder, in case there is no suspicious disease aboard, go the Quarantine reporters, William E. Seguine and Dick Lee. They have big bundles of the week's newspapers under their arms for the purser and the captain, who distribute them to passengers who happen to be nearest.

The pilot already has given up a few papers perhaps, and the news of the week may have been partly digested even before the reporters' bundles are opened. Events of international or national importance have been published in the ship's wireless paper, if she has one, and the eagerness to get the great dailies is not so sharp as it used to be before the liner could absorb the news of the Old World and the New in midocean.

The reporters have lots to do in a very little time. They get passenger lists with conspicuous voyagers marked by the purser; a record of the incidents of the trip, including births and deaths; brief interviews with prominent men and women of the world who may be aboard, and whatever else of interest that they may pick up by a hurried chat with veteran voyagers they know.

Meanwhile the doctors have received the report of the ship's surgeon. If all is well in the cabin and steerage the doctors begin the examination of immigrants. On some of the big boats the examination is made in the steerage dining room.

This was the case on the arrival of the new giant Cunarder Caronia, from Liverpool and Queenstown, on March 5, with 1,286 immigrants. They passed in double file before the doctors, each of whom examined the men and women in one file. All were bareheaded and none showed any symptoms of ailment.

The ship was less than half an hour in Quarantine, but she was thoroughly inspected. In fact, there was little to inspect, as the ship's steerage was as sweet and clean as a hospital ward and every immigrant had been forced to keep himself in harmony with his environment by frequent ablution.

On many of the ships that have the old fashioned steerage the examination of immigrants is made on the open deck. They pass with bared heads before one or two doctors along the main deck. At night they file under a cluster of incandescent lights that reveals their faces as clearly as daylight.

If any one who looks sick is found in the line he is stopped and examined more carefully. A swift glance from a trained eye is usually enough to detect an ailment out of the ordinary.

Long before the Health Officer's men get through with their work the acting deputy collectors, who have swarmed up from the deck of the revenue cutter, are down in the saloon sitting at tables taking the declarations of passengers. The acting deputies are in charge of Deputy Collector J. Castree Williams and his chief of staff, John J. Loughrey.

They have a climb of twenty feet up the cutter's ladder to the rail of the ship as a rule. The loftiest liners, whose rails cannot be reached by the cutter's ladder, lower an accommodation gangway and the Collector's men then have little trouble getting aboard.

There are two cutters on boarding duty, the Calumet, Capt. John Bradley, and the Hudson, Capt. James A. Bradley. They work week on and week off, alternately. The cutter off always has steam up and her pilot within call for emergency duty.

It is sometimes necessary to have the full force of acting deputy collectors, about fifteen, to take declarations when there are more than 1,000 cabin passengers aboard the liner. The acting deputies take the declarations of both first and second cabin passengers in the saloon. The job is generally not over till the ship has been warped into dock.

Every passenger gets a ticket corresponding with the number of his declaration. The passenger turns in his ticket at the desk of the customs men on the pier and an inspector who receives the declaration attends to the passenger's baggage. Every passenger is allowed to bring in fifty cigars, 300 cigarettes and $100 worth of personal property, including wearing apparel, free of duty. Sometimes he grumbles, but he generally gets all that he is entitled to under a very liberal construction of the law.

Among the swiftest workers who board the liner at Quarantine are the boarding custom inspectors, James H. Little and Howard G. Steinert. They rush up the ladder or the accommodation gangway and get from the captain or purser the ship's manifest for filing at the Barge Office. They also give the ship emergency clearance so she may start to discharge cargo, without, however, moving it from the pier until she may get her regular clearance from the Custom House.

Usually the boarding inspectors are off and on the cutter before the doctors get through with the examination of a quarter of the steerage passengers. Little and Steinert see that no person without a permit gets on the liner from the cutter. They also expedite the business of diplomats or Government officials who find it necessary to meet ships at Quarantine and come up to dock aboard them.

Chief O'Connor of the boarding division of Ellis Island, his staff, and the Marine Hospital surgeon board the liner from the cutter Chamberlain. The inspectors do not look at the steerage passengers, as they will be thoroughly examined after their transfer from the ship to Ellis Island. O'Connor's men and the surgeon are interested chiefly in alien second cabin passengers.

Every one of this class passes before the surgeon, and is quizzed by an inspector. Few ships land all their alien second cabin passengers at the piers. Sometimes a woman traveling alone and in a delicate condition is held up and taken to Ellis Island. She is generally sent back. There have been instances where women thus deported have tried to enter again by travelling in the first cabin, noting that first cabin passengers escape inquisition. They have been detected and deported again.

The Government surgeon and the immigration boarding officers have the right to examine all alien passengers in the first cabin, but they do not exercise it because it is presumed that first cabin saloon voyagers are not likely to be immigrants. Nevertheless the surgeons and the inspectors wander through the saloon on the lookout for suspects.

Recently a surgeon found a man in the first cabin who had been debarred as an immigrant several months before when he arrived in the second cabin of a first class ship. The man had a well developed case of consumption. He objected to going to Ellis Island and made a scene in the saloon. He admitted that he was the man who had been debarred.

Another well to do immigrant with consumption attempted to enter the country on a steamship by way of Boston. He was in the first cabin and was detected and sent back by an inspector who recognized him as a man who had been deported after coming in the steerage.

A few months later the man again essayed to enter the country in the first cabin of a ship arriving at this port. One of the boarding inspectors who was on duty in Boston when the man was held up there recognized him and he was deported once more.

It is probable one of the surgeons said, that many immigrants who have money and are rejected because of their physical condition dodge into the country again as first cabin passengers and stay here.

The Shop of All Nations

Wares and Customers of a Little Establishment on the East Side

Down on the East Side, that province of strange sights and strange people, there is a little shop which has no name, but which might well be called the Shop of all Nations, for in its dark and narrow interior are gathered articles from all over the world.

Sometimes citizens of the neighborhood, attracted by the sight of some special ware, come in and ask to look at it. When told the price they immediately begin to bargain; and when they meet the obdurate negatives of the shopkeeper, they are much astonished.

"Why, you are the one price store," they say, turn to go out with a shrug of the shoulder, and when that has no effect, if the article is really wanted, return and under protest pay the required sum.

BUYING BACK HIS CONFISCATED GOODS.

To be a store of one price down on the East Side is a distinction in itself; for there shopping has attractions that it does not possess for the more fashionable dwellers uptown. The latter never know the joy of dickering and triumphantly bearing away some purchase over which they have wrangled a half hour before they have succeeded in beating the shopkeeper's demand down two-thirds—a cut he had always intended to make and notwithstanding which he still makes his profit.

Years ago the proprietor of the store began to attend the sales of seized and forfeited goods that take place at the Custom House, and to sell the articles he purchased to friends who came to his home, and bargained there over a jovial stein of beer. Soon his little house became cluttered up. There was no longer room in it for his purchases, and little by little the East Side store evolved itself.

To-day the proprietor is known as one of the constant frequenters of the Custom House sales and one of the best purchasers. Nothing comes amiss to him—clothes, bric-à-brac, rugs, toys, even books. Occasionally he adds to his collection by attending a sale at some private house.

"But it must be very good," he says proudly, "or I will not bother with it. The ordinary sale offers me few opportunities, and the average auction is a collection of faked goods.

"The Custom House sales are genuine affairs. They cannot be stuffed with articles of second rate value picked up here and there. They are always made up of the wares of shopkeepers who cannot afford to pay the duty, or of goods that have been seized for smuggling.

"Often it happens that a man whose goods have been seized comes to me afterward to buy them back. That has occurred two or three times with the Syrians and Armenians, who are about the worst offenders in this respect, and who simply allow their goods to go to public sale and then attempt to regain them.

"One of them came in here, looked about as people do, pulling down this and opening that drawer. Suddenly he found a necklace which he recognized. His countenance beamed with joy; he said things about the United States Government, and then, having relieved his mind, wanted to buy his one time property.

"After bargaining with him for the lot, I sold it to him and he set up shop in Atlantic City with all the goods that had been seized and that he had now regained. He was able to make a profit by adding to his original prices."

The shopkeeper is a type in himself. Coming to this country with empty pockets he roamed about the East Side, picked up an education, became a teacher in the very school where he had attended night school, developed a fine tenor voice and eventually became an employee of the Board of Health and a singer in a synagogue. The Shop of all Nations is his latest venture.

Let us see what there is to be found in this out of the way corner, where goods from the Orient and from New Jersey meet.

As the door is opened the place looks like a huge grab bag. There is no attempt at system. The first sight attracting the curious vision are two large models of Moorish mosques of white enamel, picked out with gold.

They are proudly exhibited as having been used at the last Paris Exposition to hold perfumery outside of some celebrated establishment. Just what the duty on imitation Moorish mosques is, the shopkeeper cannot tell, but the importer found it too high and the articles were confiscated. Thus they came to this shop.

Here is a package of kid gloves inside of which is the magic name of one of the best makers in the world. Against these gloves rest some hideous stockings suggestive of abnormal sizes. A silver cup flaring like a lily, with repousse hand work depicting big clusters of roses imbedded in nests of leaves, is side by side with a shaving mug of white earthenware with a gilt stripe about it and the words "Papa from ——" thereon.

There is a quaint pitcher, the one bit of pure Russian ware in the shop, with square sides and a highly glazed creamy surface on which conventionalized flowers in primitive colors suggest *art nouveau*. Touching this, one finds a new ware, made in Germany, which has not yet found its way into uptown quarters and is mysteriously spiky in manufacture.

There is a beautiful opera cape of Renaissance lace, with chiffon ruffles and a foundation satin, and half covering it a dozen or more brilliant orange shawls, embroidered in red and green vines, the picturesque head coverings of the immigrant Italian women. The shopkeeper points to them sadly.

"When the Italian women first come here they want their little shawls, the ones they wear at home, but soon they throw them aside and ask for hats. They want to be like the Americans." He shrugs his shoulders in protest. "Now, when the Italian shopkeepers import them, ten to one they let the custom house get them because they know that they can't sell them, except occasionally when a man or woman from uptown buys them to hang in a studio; they are pretty for that," and he holds them up so that the light from the one window falls on the yellow square.

He throws a number of golden charms on the tip of the show case from a glass jar.

"See, here are their mascots, their earrings and other charms. The wish of the lower classes of Italians for jewelry is well known, they must have it, but they don't want jewelry like what the Americans ask for.

"Theirs must be all size and color. The same amount of gold in the ring of an American lady if made up in Italian fashion would be enough for earrings for three generations. It is thin as it can be made, bright yellow and large; everything must be large, like these. The most uneducated of our girls would despise these trinkets, but for a time, at least until they go about and adopt our ideas, I sell quantities of them to Italians."

A bit of pottery from Finland is next pointed out, a long necked vase of unusual lines. There is a whole side of a show case given up to cut glass. There is a huge punchbowl in the window.

The door opens and a woman of generous proportions strolls in and looks about as if the punchbowl was the last object on earth she would ever think of buying. She approaches it stealthily.

"You haf silk stockings?"

She paws over a boxful and throws them disdainfully aside.

"Perhaps you haf real lace?"

There is another drawer of bits of real lace which would bring joy to the heart of a lace collector. Collarettes, cuffs, tabs, squares for handkerchiefs, butterflies for the hair are thrown out in profusion.

"You haf not what I want; there is nodding good enough for an angadgement present."

She says "angadgement" proudly, as if it related to one near to her.

Her eye chances on the cut glass as if by accident. She points it out.

"It is not the real cut? No? Yes? It does not look it. My sister-in-law has the real cut glass. I can tell it. You tell it the's way."

She takes off a huge cotton glove and with uncleaned finger tips makes a bell-like tone by striking the bowl with thumb and forefinger.

"Ha! It does not sound like hers. She has the real t'ing."

She is more than incredulous. She makes a half hearted gesture toward the punchbowl in the window.

"That fruit bowl. That is real, too? No? Yes?"

She sounds it fore and aft, picks up her cotton gloves and prepares to depart in a mood too disgusted for words. The shopkeeper takes no notice of her. He is busy replacing the laces, the silk stockings and the cut glass decanters. He has apparently forgotten her presence.

"I gif you t'ree dollar for the fruit bowl."

There is no answer.

"T'ree dollar!"

Still no answer. She grows impatient and, returning, looks over the counter where the shopkeeper is putting things away.

"Vil you take my t'ree dollar? No? Yes?"

"Twenty-five!"

"Twenty-fife? I gif you t'ree and a quarter. It is robbery. My sister-in-law——"

"Twenty-five!" The shopkeeper is arranging his cuffs and this ceremony concluded he puts the punchbowl back in the window and says sternly: "We are one price here. Twenty-five dollars, not a cent less."

"Twenty-fife dollars for a leetle fruit bowl! It is robbery——"

There is a slam at the street door and the search for hidden treasures is again resumed.

But the lace, the cut glass, the china, by no means exhaust the resources of the shop. In back, in nests of cobwebs and smothered under old pieces of bagging or brown paper, there are cases of rare old wines, whole shelves of imported peas, sugared ginger from Canton, gulls' wings and gulls' breasts packed away in bits of embroidered silk in long strips for vest fronts or for the edges of a kimono, rubber boots and iron pots and panels of Italian marble mosaic.

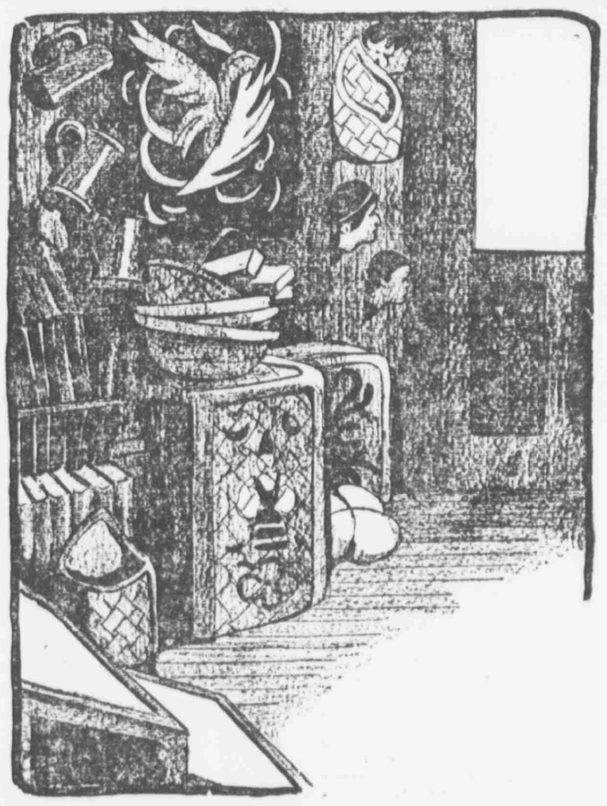
Nor is this all. Further search overturns a drawerful of the quaint Swedish work on wood, inkwells and the oblong egg baskets, in which the careful Swedish housekeeper puts her boiled eggs on the table. There are Colonial brass and copper and the newer rose copper, which one has to rub a little furtively before the real value is disclosed. There are all sorts of necklaces. There are cameos on pink conch shells and big brooches of mosaic from Florence.

While attention is attracted to a jar full of coral beads the door opens again, and an Italian comes in. He falls upon the necklaces and calls down all sorts and varieties of curses on the United States Government, which has deprived him of his sole support.

"I sella alla out! I go back home!" he says in conclusion, and, after buying back a single pair of earrings, the coral in each as big as the end of the thumb, he shakes hands with the shopkeeper and goes away.

"It is quite true," comes the explanation of his emotional entrance and exit. "He has twice had his goods confiscated. Now he has given up the fight and is going back home to raise chianti and figs."

CUSTOMERS.



A CORNER OF THE STORE.